

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Decision of the Twins.

By IZOLA FORRESTER
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"Pollee!"
No answer. Don looked cautiously through the banister rails. Sometimes it is very handy to be only three and a half feet high. Below, in the long center hall, everything was quiet. The twins loved the hall when the noon sunlight streamed in through the big stained-glass window at the bend of the staircase. The window showed rare, soft, amber tints above a bed of pink and violet fox gloves, and the sunlight through it crossed the hall in a path of light.

It was the luncheon hour. Don knew that the grown-ups were safe in the dining room, but he did think that Polly might have stayed within hearing distance. There was a full-length oil painting of her hanging in the reception room across the hall. Betty, the other twin, liked to run down from the nursery to look at it. She said it was so interesting really to have such a person for a big sister. The fur cloak fell back from her white shoulders, and you caught the satiny shimmer of the primrose gown. There was a long rope of pearls about her throat. But Don loved her waves of brown hair and the way her eyes seemed to look right at you as you came down the stairs.

Just now he almost thought they held a reproachful expression, quite as if she understood all that had happened in the nursery in the last ten minutes, so he called again anxiously.

"Oh, Pollee! Betty's eating the goldfish." The little door under the stairs opened cautiously and Polly looked out, shaking her finger in warning.

"You don't know!" she exclaimed in a whisper. "Don't you dare call my name. Don't want any one to know where I am. What have you been doing now?"

"Isn't me, Polly," Don protested. "It's Betty. She got on a chair and picked them out, and said she was going to eat them."

From the top of the stairs came a shrill, indignant protest.

"I didn't eat 'em. I played they were all whales and put them in the bathtub."

Polly took one look in the direction of the closed dining room door, gathered her skirts about her and fled up the stairs. Don watched her disappear. Betty clapped in her arms. The ways of sisters were beyond his ken. He began to pine for the companionship of his own sex. Just then the dining room door opened and Uncle Hal came out, followed by the doctor. Don approved of the doctor first because he was not a doctor of pills and bitter medicines. He was the new rector over at the little stone church where the twins went to Sunday school.

Don understood that he had been a college mate of Uncle Hal's, and therefore was an all-around good fellow. As they sat out on the veranda now, in the deep willow chairs, smoking, Don eyed the doctor, thoughtfully. Why had Polly hidden in the little closet

CONFESIONS OF A WIFE

Dick is delicious again. Again he babbles about "telling Margie, so that she will understand." He seems to have forgotten that he has told me.

It is a very appealing Dick that I find each day looking at me with unrecognizing fever-bright eyes. He has grown so thin, you can almost see through his hands as you lift them to the light.

All material substance seems to have been burned out of him and what is left is only courageous spirit. I suppose every woman is in a sense a mother as well as a wife to her husband, and I find myself thinking of Dick, as does dear Mother Selwin, as a poor sick child who needs all the nursing and loving he can get.

Even in his delirium he never complains, never asks for anything except for me. This morning when Jim came—he stops in every day on his way to the office of the book concern—we both went into Dick's room together. For a moment there was a flicker of recognition in Dick's eyes and then he turned his head away from us and whispered "Why do you come here without Margie?"

"What shall I do, Jim?" I asked. "Yesterday he knew me and was perfectly rational and he told me the important thing that seems to be worrying him."

Jim looked at me keenly, "And did you tell him that you did understand not only his actions but his motives?"

"How much do you know, Jim?" I asked impulsively.

"I know nothing," he answered impassively, "except what I have gathered from Dick's more or less incoherent sentences, but the doctor has said that his mind must be set at rest and because he has become delirious again I am afraid you did not set it at rest, Margie."

Little book, that was the first approach Jim Edie ever voiced to me. He looked at me searchingly but said nothing more.

"I wish you would bring Margie, I must tell Margie. When she understands—" the words trailed off into an inarticulate murmur.

I grasped hold of Dick's hands, "This is Margie, Dick," I said.

"Don't you see that this is Margie? I understand, dear, and it's all right." He tried to draw his hands away but was too weak. Then he sighed and turned his head.

"You did not say that to him yesterday, Margie," said Jim.

"No—and oh, Jim, do you think it is too late now?"

"I can't tell." Then a look came over Dick's face as he bent over him that I would give a year of my life to

BLANKET PATTERN SUMMER COAT



By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, May 15.—Seal plush, which is promised as the leading material for coats and coat trimmings next winter, has already made its appearance.

A stunning black and white blanket patterned wrap, which no passer-by could possibly overlook, is trimmed with a huge square collar of seal plush, the cuffs being almost elbow length, and the pockets of an odd triangular shape.

A single "Pierrette" button of plush fastens the garment.

under the stairs? Why were her eyes suspiciously red? Polly was not the sort of a person who cried easily. In fact Don knew from experience that she rarely cried unless she was good and angry.

Noticing that Uncle Hal was doing most of the talking, and that the doctor was rather absorbed, he began to connect him with Polly's attitude toward life and to regard him suspiciously. When Uncle Hal went down to the garage Don ventured to take his place beside the doctor, and talk to him as man to man.

"You know," he said, "Betty and I've decided you ought to marry Polly."

"Oh, you have, have you?" The doctor smiled down at the little six-year-old figure in tan linen beside him.

see on the face of a woman friend. "Dick, old chap, it is Jim talking to you, and I just want to tell you that everything is all right. Don't worry about anything—it is all right."

Dick's eyes opened comprehendingly. "All right," he murmured, "all right." Then calmly as a baby he sank to sleep.

The nurse came in then, and when she saw that Dick was sleeping, she smiled. "I think he will be rational when he wakes, Mrs. Waverly. Every time he has a quiet sleep like this it means he is gaining."

Jim and I tiptoed out and Jim unsilently bade me good-bye with the words, "I'll be in tomorrow."

Jim, little book, has never mentioned Malcolm Stuart's name to me since the tragedy. I think this is rather strange, as Malcolm was one of Jim's oldest friends. They had been very intimate when they were younger.

I wonder if Dick got his idea of Malcolm from Jim. Was a thought I put out of my brain for I knew that of all men in the world Jim Edie kept his own council and was the most loyal of friends.

He must be sorrowing over Malcolm's death and he knows that I liked Malcolm very much and yet he has never mentioned him.

How much does Jim Edie really know of it and how much does he suspect, little book?

who faced him belligerently. He had always thought her the usual type of girl in the summer colony, and while he had frankly fallen in love with her from the first he had not been keen on telling her so. And now, without warning, Polly had lifted the veil of her frivolity and shown him something of the real woman nature behind it. He answered her slowly.

"I came over today on Hal's invitation to tell him I'd been accepted as chaplain on the Alert. We sail, I believe, the 17th. Before I left I wanted to ask you to be my wife, if I return."

There was a long silence. Polly's blue eyes watched the shore where Betty's pink dress and hat made her resemble some animated blossom hobbling around.

"I think," she said softly, "that the twins' decision was right, after all."

MONONGAH

Sophomore Play

"Topsy Turvy" is the name of the play that will be staged at the Lyric theatre this evening by the Sophomore class of the Thoburn High school. The plot which centers around a double love affair is extremely interesting and with a cast of comic characters, should prove very popular. The cast as they will appear this evening is as follows:

Topsy Turvy.....Kathleen Shaver
Deacon.....Ray Holbert
Frank Golden.....Robert Jones
May Golden.....Mattie Martin
Mrs. Chardon.....Myra Martin
Miss Spriggs.....Jennie Hewitt
Col. Terog Bellington.....Denzil Shaver
Ned (colored).....Raymond Jones

High School Picnic

On Friday of this week the students and teachers of the Thoburn High school will hold their annual picnic. This year the picnic will take place at Paradise near Hutchinson. They will leave early in the morning and spend the entire day.

Planting Gardens

The people of Monongah have responded liberally to the plea for abundant food crops by utilizing every possible inch of ground for farm purposes. Here and there along the streets ground has been borrowed from the Consolidation Coal company and planted in potatoes. An ordinance has been passed protecting the open gardens from straying cows, horses, etc.

PERSONALS

Mrs. French Shackelford was among the local shoppers in Fairmont yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Albert Robey was a local out of town shopper yesterday.

Miss Ruth Merrifield of Fairmont, was in town yesterday evening calling on friends and relatives.

Mrs. Herbert Spragg was among the Monongah visitors in Fairmont yesterday afternoon attending to shopping.

Miss Helen Manley, a student in the Fairmont Normal, was in Monongah yesterday evening calling on friends and attending to shopping.

Miss Gertrude Pyles was a caller in Fairmont yesterday afternoon attending to shopping.

Mrs. Clyde Gaston, of Fairmont, was in town yesterday visiting friends and relatives.

PROMINENT RURALIST OF WATSON UNABLE TO WORK

J. M. Latimer of Watson, Did Not Improve Until He Took Kar-Nak.

Every day there has been published in these columns, statements by the folks of this city. All good respectable citizens. If we had not been able to help them they surely would not have been willing to recommend Kar-Nak the way they did.

We have found out long ago how good our medicine is and now we give you the statements of your own town people. Those who are skeptical would do well to give it a fair trial. It is fully guaranteed. Read what Mr. Latimer has to say:

"I lost three months from my work on account of stomach trouble, my food would not digest, gas would form and cause great pain. Seeing Mr. Haller's statement in praise of Kar-Nak and knowing him to be a great sufferer from stomach trouble, decided to try it. Kar-Nak is the only medicine that has helped me and I have been troubled for years. I am much improved in all respects now, thanks to Kar-Nak. J. M. LATIMER, Watson, W. Va.

Kar-Nak is sold on a positive guarantee to produce good results or your dollar will be handed back. Take a bottle home today, you run no risk, if it fails to relieve your case, return it and get your money. No matter what you've tried, try Kar-Nak today.

Get it at Mountain City Drug Co., or Hall Drug Co., Fairmont. On sale in Mannington at the Prescription Pharmacy.

Evening Chat

Zeus let loose
With his thunders loud,
A million Cyclops
In a crowd,
Released to roll
Through a given space,
About the size
Of a small fire place,
Whirlwind's unabating trend,
Restless sea roar without end,
Tremble of volcanic kind,
Oscillation of the wind,
His of ghost and shriek of shade,
Tromping of a strong brigade,
Din of trumpets blaring sound,
Earthquake quiver if the ground,
All are insignificant
To the full, soniferous rant,
Of that seemingly benign
Little tow head boy o' mine.

—THE DEACON.

Roy Stewart, of the Stewart Granite Works at Mannington, was a Fairmont visitor Monday, and those who are familiar with his tomato growing were after him for plants. He has the Early Market variety. Last summer he put out 10 plants. From these Mrs. Stewart put up 110 quarts, the family had an abundance. Mr. Stewart took basketful after basketful to his mother and sold \$104 worth. It properly cared for this variety of tomato will do a bushel to the plant, according to Mr. Stewart. The plants grow to be six feet tall.

Tomato plants are selling at twenty cents a dozen in the city proper though if one cares enough about saving money to walk four or five blocks to a green house they can be secured at ten cents a dozen. There are various residences where plants are being sold at the lower price. Tom Hess, who lives in the First ward, put out a block of cabbage plants about five feet square and has sold \$40 worth of plants without cutting into the lot very extensively.

L. Snider, the Mannington automobile agent, was in Fairmont Monday, touching the high places for he is always on the jump. He formerly conducted a store at Glover Gap, then went into the hardware business at Mannington and from that it was an easy step to a garage and automobile salesplace. Snider has sold over one hundred Fords, numerous Dodges, King 8 and other brands. It is believed that he sells more machines than any other agent in Marion county.

The nice weather so far this week is permitting the planting of corn where it has been delayed and the farmers are busy throughout the county with as much help as it is possible to get with the temptation to take employment at public works to which most of the men in reach of such places are yielding. The farmers are late this year as corn has often been worked the first time by the middle of May in the past. It is recalled by farmers that on the seventeenth of May, seventeen years ago, there was a rain and freeze which cut off much of the corn in Marion county so there is nothing really discouraging in conditions this spring.

Osgood's for Quality

New Blouses!

Osgood's announce the arrival of a large shipment of crisp New Summer Blouses

To be Sold at

\$1.98

Materials are Voile, Batiste, Organdie, tulle silk and crepe de chine. Styles are new and beautiful. Colors are white and all high shades. Sizes from 36 to 50

We have the manufacturers word that no more such good blouses can be had to sell at this low price.

HEALTH HINTS

War has brought a terrible increase in the number of tuberculosis cases in France. Typhoid fever and smallpox, which in the past claimed almost as many victims as did battles, have been successfully held in check.

In the early days of the mobilization of the French army many persons who were suffering with mild cases of tuberculosis were allowed to get by the examining boards. They soon broke down and spread the disease among the troops. Later, many men who had apparently been cured of tuberculosis were pressed into the ranks. They were unable to stand the strain of trench life.

The tuberculosis problem is a grave one in France. It is gratifying to note that steps are already under way to prevent tuberculosis among the enlisted soldiers and sailors of the United States.

The work is in charge of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Educational work, the furnishing of literature to men in camps, motion picture exhibits,

Girls! Use Lemons! Make a Bleaching, Beautifying Cream

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quart of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, smoothener and beautifier.

Just try it. Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quart of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It naturally should help to soften, freshen, bleach and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is simply marvelous to smoothen rough, red hands.

Dumstead's Worm Syrup

A safe and sure Remedy for Worms. Stood the test for 50 years. IT NEVER FAILS. To children it is as angelic as honey. PLEASANT TO TAKE. NO SICKNESS. NO PAINFUL NEEDLES. One bottle has killed 125 worms. All druggists and grocers, or by mail—25c a bottle. C. A. VOORHEES, M.D., Falls, Pa.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(OF COURSE THERE IS DANNY TO CONSIDER.)—BY ALLMAN.

